Basking in peace in the warm spring sun, South Hill smiled upon Burlington. The broath of May! and the day was fair, And the bright motes danced in the balmy air; And the sunlight gleamed where the restless

Kissed the fragrant bloom on the apple tree His beardless check with a smile was spanned As he stood with a carriage whip in his hand. And he laughed as he doffed his bob-tailed

coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote
And she smiled as she leaned on her mop,
And she said she would tell bim when to stop.
So he pounded away till the dinner bell
Gave him a little breathing spell;
But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck

one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.
But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And pounded like mad till the clock struck six;
And she said, in a dublous kind of way,
That she guessed he could fluish it up next

Then all that day and the next day, too,
The furze from the dirless carpet flew.
And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say "Now beat on the other side;"
And the new days came as the old days went,
And the landlord came for his regular rent,
And the neighbors laughed at the tireless And his face was shadowed with clouds o

Till at last one cheerless winter day, He kicked at the carpet and slid away Over the fence and down the street, Speeding away with feotsteps fleet. And never again the morning gold Smiled at him beating his fold on fold, And South Hill often said with a yawn, "Where has the carpet marty gone?" Vhere has the carpet martyr gone

Years twice twenty has come and passed And the carpet swayed in the autus n blast, For never yet since that spring so fine Had it ever been taken down from the line. Had it ever been taken down from the line. Over the fence a gray-haired man To clime, clome, clem, clum, clamb began. He found him a stick in the old wood pile And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile. A flush passed over his face forlorn As he gazed at the carpet tattered and torn. And he hit it a most resounding whack, Till the startled air gave his echoes back. And out of the window a white face leaned, And a palsied hand the pale face screened. She knew his face, she gasped and sighed. the knew his face, she gasped and sighed,
"A little more on the under side."
All title more on the ground his stick he throwed,
And he shivered and said, "Well, I am blow-

And he turned away with a heart full sore, And I e never, no never, was seen there mor —Burlington Hawkeye.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Miss Abigail Burr was a little brown old maid, who lived in a little old brown house with her cat, Debby, and her woman-of-all-work, Prudence, sharp of tongue, and long of visage, herself. There was nothing of grace, nor sweetness, about Miss Abigail's life; everything was dry, and hard and busky. Indeed, some people were so uncharitable as to say that her heart was like a very much dried up kernel in a nutshell, and would rattle if she were to be shaken hard enough But I never believed that. I always said that there was a soft spot in Miss Abigail's heart, to be found when the time came to find

One spring twilight a boy opened Miss Abigail's garden gate, and walked up the path between the rows of straggling lilacs. He was not a boy who liv d about Caperstown, or he would not have dared venture, I am sure, for Prudence's sake, besides having nothing to venture for. He was an unkempt, starved looking specimens of humanity. His coat was a world too long, and patched at the elbows; and his trousers a world too short and patched at the knees. His hat was guiltless of brim, and through a hole in which had once been brown, but now woefully faded. He went stright up to Miss Abigail's porch steps. Miss Abigail was sitting on the porch in her high backed rocking chair, so intent on binding.

"I don't think I paid enough for my supper—I eat such a lot," he said, "so I've split some kindlings, and I'll milk "Oh, no; men never go down town at for you this morning to the supper of the suppe the crown bobbed a little tuft of hair, her stocking heel heard neither

fading sunset light. He doffed his tattered hat-crown.

"If you please, ma'am, will you-may I have something to eat?" It was not at all a tramp's manner of asking; there was a manliness in his voice which Miss Abigail could not help noticing. Perhaps that was the reason she looked at the boy sharply for a mo ment before she answered. In that mo ment. Prudence, tall and angular, stood in the door, with a shawl thrown over her head, and her right hand swarthed

in soft cotton. "I'll have to get Jones Barrows to do the milkin,' Miss Abigail," said she. "I can't. I've burned my hand that

The boy looked up quickly. 'Can't I—could I milk for you?' As I have intimated, Prudence did not like boys; and that she sometimes expressed her dislike in a very forcible

manner, many of the village urchins could testify. Now, she surveyed this boy, standing by the porch steps, from his bare head, not forgetting the faded little tuft, in dumb astonishment. "You might let him try, Prudence," said Miss Abigail, thinking dubiously of the nervous, mouse-colored Alderney

"I enored on a farm all last summer." explained the boy, eagerly, glancing from mistress to maid. "I want some

supper, and I'll be glad to do something

to pay for it."

"Well, you kin try it," said Prudence, after a momentary deliberation. "It's better'n beggin' a favor anyhow."

She led the way to the kitchen, and took a shining tin pail from the dress-

"Here's the milk-pail," said she, to the boy, who stood waiting; "an' the cow's in the yard yonder. Pay day comes when the work is done."

And Prudence smiled as she went about setting a lunch of bread and but-ter and cold meat. She felt morally ter and cold meat. She felt morally certain that the flighty Alderney heifer, used only to women-kind, would be much more likely to spread a pair of bovine wings and fly away than allow herself to be milked by a boy.

"He can't do it," she said to Miss Abigail, who brought her knitting work into the kitchen. "The heifer will send him aks high?"

But he could, and he did. Soon he appeared in the doorway, his pail brim-

ing with snowy foam.
"Well, I never!" ejaculated Prudence.
"You didn't think I could?" asked the boy, smiling brightly, "No, I didn't," admitted Prudence

and straightway, in her astonishment, she added to his fare a segment of rhu-

carried off the bread plate for a third

replenishing.

"I'm pretty hungry," he said. "This is the first bite I've had since merning, and it tastes good."

To be sure it did. Miss Abigail thought of a little brother who died years and years before, ere his tender feet began to feet the pricks in life's feet began to feel the pricks in life's path. How strange that the sight of this little vagrant, satisfying his hun-ger at the kitchen table, should bring to her remembrance the child who had so early put off the mortal for the immortal. Presently, when the boy had finished his repast, he laid his kniio and fork across his plate with a methodical precision which it pleased Miss Abigail to see; and then he glanced from Prudence, standing near her with arms akimbo, to Miss Abigail.

"Thank you for my supper," said he. "Maybe I'd best be getting along You don't want a boy to work, do

"A-boy-to work!" echoed Pru-"Did you ever." "No, we don't!" said Miss Abigail, shortly. And then—it was enough that she could not help thinking again of that frail life which had blighted in

the bud so long before. "How far are you going?" she ask-

"I don't know ma'am." "And where have you come from?" proceeded Miss Abigail. "Trescott, ma'am. Mother died there three months ago." There was a pathetic quaver in his voice.

And then, with a little questioning, he told his simple story. His name was Barry Olmstead, and he was twelve years old. He had lived in Trescott a ong time-he and his mother; they were very poor, but they had kept a little home together. His mother had taken in sewing, and he had worked for the neighboring farmers summers and gone to school winters. And be had been happy, for all they were so

poor, until —mother died.
"Then I stopped with Deacon Staples spell; he said he wanted to try me. But they were going to bind me out to

him, so I ran away."
"None to blame, nuther,"interposed Prudence with a great deal of emphasis "I've seen old Staples, down to Tres-cott. He's that mean he'd skin a mouse for the hide and taller!"

"I've been trying along for a chance to work," continued the boy, smil-ing faintly. He was very near to tears, now, but he held them back sturdily. "But there don't anybody seem to want me."
Miss Abigail was moved more than

she would have cared to own by his recital. Even to her who had lived for self so long, there was something inde-scribably pitiful in the thought of this little wanderer battling alone with the world, buffeted by fortune, drifting here or there, as chance might dictate. It had grown dark, now-the lamps had long since been lighted; and there were mutterings of distant thunder in the

"It's going to rain," said Miss Abigail; "you needn't go to-night; you may sleep in the stable loft."

Barry thanked her. The storm broke with great violence. And while Miss Abigail listened to the sharp peals of thunder and the pouring of the rain against the windows, she thought of the lonely little wayfarer in the stable loft, with a new, strange throb of pity. Morning came, merr with bird songs, and glistening with myriads of raindrops. Prudence was up, betimes, but, early as it was, she heard the sound of an ax in the woodshed; and when she opened the door

for you this morning if you want me

elick of the gate latch nor the footsteps on the hard-trodden path, and she did not look up till the boy's figure interposed itself between her work and the made ready a good, substantial break-fast for Barry, also. When he had eat-

en it, he took up his hat crown. "Ge out the way you came in," said Prudence, "or else you'll bring bad

Barry gave a little incredulous laugh but he went out to the porch. Miss Abigail was there, taking deep breaths of the fresh air, and she bade him a kind good morning as he went off the step and down the path again between the lilacs, exuberant in growth, but meagre in bloom.

"I wonder why lilacs do not flower more freely?" This Abigail said to Prudence, who came to the door. "I dunno," answered Prudence.

Barry heard and turned. "I guess its because you leave the old blossoms on," he said, hesitatingly. "Mother used to say I must pick the blossoms off one year if I wanted any the next."

And then he went out of the gate, closing it carefully behind him, and along the moist, brown highway.
"That is a very uncommon boy," said
Miss Abigail, looking after him with se-

rious eyes.
"Yes," assented Prudence; "he's a elever enough little chap—for a boy."
"To think of his knowing about lilacs!" continued Miss Abigail, meditatively. "I must cut off the flowers this

"An' he got as good a mess o' milk from the heifer as I could ha' done my-self with a well hand," Prudence went

"Yes, he would have been handy

about milking and getting the wood for you," said Miss Abigail.

"An' bringin' the letters from the postoffice," continued Prudence. "It's a good piece over to the village in mud-dy walkin." "So it is,' said Miss Abigail.

gazed reflectively along the road which wound serpentine, to the little hamlet a mile away, Barry was climbing the hill, a mere, pitiful, lonely speck in the distance as he was a mere, insignificant atom in the great body of humanity.

Miss Abigail's eyes filled.

"We might have kept him," she said.

"Taint too late, yet," put in Pru-The two women looked into each

other's eyes. "If you can make him hear," begandless Abigail.

For answer Prudence strode to road and sent a long quivering cry after

But the little figure they were watch-ing plodded steadily on.

"Gimme the old tin horn out 'er the

barb pie.

"Wasn't there a bit of cheese left over from tea?" asked Abigail.

Prudence thought there was, and while she was fetching it from the cellar, the boy gave himself a scrubbing at the pump coming in from his abolutions fresh and ruddy as a rose He was very hungry; there was no doubt of that. He looked at Miss Abigail with a depreciating smile, as Prudence

"Gimme the old tin horn out 'er the kitchen, Miss Abigail?" called Prudence, excitedly. "Quick!"

Miss Abigail? "called Prudence, excitedly. "Quick!"

Miss Abigail, staid spinster that she was, without a thought of the ludierousness of the proceeding, ran to the kitchen, snatched the horn from its nail, and ran out with it to Prudence. And Prudence put it to her lips, and blew a blast so long and so loud, that it startled the birds into silence, and set the echoes ringing from hillside to hillside.

"He c'n hear that if he c'n hear any-

hing," she muttered.

He d'd. He stopped. Prudence flour-shed the horn in frantic excitement. There was a moment of suspense; and then Prudence turned to Miss Abigail,

then Prudence turned to Miss Abigail, who was standing by the gate.

"He's a comin' back," she said.

When Barry, breathless with the haste he had made, reached the cottage, Miss Abigail was on the porch.

"We made up our minds to keep you," she said, "so long as you don't give too much trouble."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am!" cried Barry. "Indeed, I'll try to please you!"
I am sure he has succeeded, for the lilacs have been in bloom three times since that morning, and he is with Miss Abigail yet, growing tall, and strong and manly, as the years go by. He tills the bit of a farm which had so long lain unimproved, and in winter attend school at the village where he is .n ex-cellent repute. He is so faithful and helpful and kind, that Prudence is fain to apothegmatize the horn after this

"Harnsome is as harnsome does; an you are deservin' of a bed o' velvet, ole horn, for the deed you done that day!

The Evil Effects of a Too Sudden Reform "I don't feel well, doctor," exclaimed

the tall man, who looked a little pale. "I think something's gone wrong with my innards or my head." "I guess it's only the spring fever," smiled the doctor. "I don't think there is much out of the way with you. Where

do you feel badly?"
"In my stomick," replied the tall man, somewhat reassured by the doc-tor's manner. "And I am pretty nervous. East. Have been ever since I come

"Where do you belong?" asked the doctor, examining the patient's tongue. "I come from Mountana," said the tall man. "Do you smoke?"

"I was a powerful smoker, but they told me to quit, so I knocked off about a month ago.

"I think that's where the trouble is was well onto that habit, but the doc tor told me I'd got to give it up, and I've been breaking off gradually." "Couldn't you give it up all at once?" asked the doctor, gravely.

it might kill me, so I've been tapering off, and I think I am tapering too fast.
If I drank more it would be better for 'How much do you drink now? "Yesterday I had a quart of vitrol, and to-day I've stowed about a pint of

"They told me T'd petter not. Said

prussic acid. Perhaps I ought to take more? "Great heavens, man, what do you take that for?" demanded the almost petrified doctor. "Why, you see, I'm tapering off from

Mountana whiskey, and them was the lightest I could find. What do you exect a man to take? Poison?' And when he went away he wasn't half as nervous as the doctor he left be-

What Caused Topnoody to Tumble. After supper Monday night, Mr. Topoody put on his hat and started out of

"Where are you going, Topnoody?" asked his wife. "I m going down town, my dear."
"Well. I didn't suppose you were going to New York, or Philade hia, or

"Didn't you, my love?" "No, I didn't. But I want to know

"Oh, no; men never go down town at night for fun. There's no fun down town at night for a man, when his wife is left at home by herself. Of course not, of course not. It's business all the time. Sometimes it is the saloon business; sometimes it is the billiardroom business: sometimes it is the pasteboard business; sometimes it is the thea-

ter business; sometimes it is the-" "Now, my dear, what's the use of going on that way? I'm honest, and have to go down town. I am going to have to go down town. I am going to join the Knights of Pythias, and have be on hand at eight o'clock sharp.'* "Going to join the Knights of Pyth-ias, are you? Well, I say you ain't, You already have Mason nights, and Odd Fellow nights, and A. O. U. W. Sights, and Chosen Friends nights, and

ilk nights, and Y. M. C A. nights, and nik nights, and Y. M. C A. nights, and Ecottish Rite nights, and now you want to have a night of Pythias, do you? I say you shan't, and, Topnoody, if you wan't to lodge with me, you had better take one night off for a Topnoody night or this lodge will be closed until turther orders. Do you tumble?

Topnoody tumbled. Mr. Philp Moore, of West Webster Monroe county, N. Y. says: "My daughter now eighteen years old; has, for the past eighteen months been afflicted with rheumatism in a very severe form. One year ago it settled in the knee, since which time she has been unable to touch her foot to the floor or move her limb without suffering the most excrutiating pain. Her limb was fast growing out of shape, although we were doing for her all we could, having used all the remedies we could hear of and that were recommended for rheumatism, none or which benefitted her in the least. Her case was pronounced in curable by the physician and by our neighbors, and all believed that she would be a cripple all her days, and that her limb would never be restored to its original shape. But I am happy to say that to-day my daughter is entire ly free from all rheumatic pains, and

that she can walk with perfect ease, having thrown aside her crutches, and her limb seems as strong and perfect as over; all from the use of your wonder-ful medicine "Rheumatic Syrup," which we consider one of the best medicines ever introduced for purify ing the blood, and I only regret that all others who are afflicted with rheumatism cannot know of its superior merits. You are at liberty to use my name if it will do any good, and I shall be only too glad to tell any and every one what it has done for my daughter. I am, very gratefully, yours. Philip Moore.

This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mr. Moore and his daughter, and I furnished them the medicine which cured her of one of the worst cases of rheamatism I have ever een, and can say that Mr. Moore's seen, and can say that Mr. Moore's statement is true in every sense of the word, and there are others who are now using the Rheumatic Syrup, after having seen the wonderful cure 't has effected on Miss Moore, and I have not seen or heard of a case but that was being benefitted by it. I am now using it myself. fitted by it. I am now using it myself, and I can recommend it as being the best remedy I sell; and the sale of it is that of any other remedy. CHARLES GOETZMAN,

Postmaster, West Webster.

Goldwin Smith on Ireland.

Professor Goldwin Smith has a trench ant article in the Nineteenth Century on the Irish question. He considers overpopulation the real cause of evil and emigration the true remedy, the effect of the land bill being to root the people to the soil, when it has been proved that it will not support them. Emigration he would apply on a large scale so as to effect the clearance of broad districts and the restoration of them to the purpose of grazing, to which alone they are adapted. This he would consider a measure of permanent relief, whereas the partial depletion of larger areas has only a momentary effect, the subsistence of the population being brought for the time above the famine line, but falling to the old level in a new cycle of wretchedness. But while he can see no other alternative, protection of manufactures being impracticable in the absence of coal and nothing in the way of legislation remaining to be done apart from the repeal of the Union, he does not think it will be wise to send Irish emigrants as a matter of course to the United States and Canada, where they will inevitably become "the dupes and victims of political incendiarism." He says that Canada shudders at the thought "of receiving a wholesale consignment of Agrarian Terrorists,"while the only portion of the United States where there is no Fenianism is the belt of Cotton States. He would therefore have the British government send Irish emigrants to the southern states, or else find some other foreign country, or possible some Crown colony, where they can be landed and gradually trained for the exercise of political power.

These recommendations seem to be

based upon common prudence. If the British Government be unwilling to give the Irish people a Parliament of their own, and find that emigration on a large scale is the only remedy over-population, the destination of the out-going thousands will become a question of the highest importance. Transplanting being an expensive process, the English will only be wasting their money if, in thinning out the outgrown parterres of population in Ireland, they systematically form hot-beds of conspiracy and disaffection in America. It will be for their own in terest if they take reasonable precau-tions to protect themselves agains: political agitation and international crime when they dispose of the surplus population of Ireland at public expense. But there are several practical objections to Professor Goldwin Smith's plan which seem to us insuperable. Irish emigrants will not go to the Southern States, nor to any foreign country or Crown colony, so long as there are broad areas in the Northern States and Canada where they will find thousands Canada where they will find thousands of Irishmen already settled. That is the first objection; and a second is that even if they could be prevailed upon to go to the Southern states, they would not stay there side by side with the negroes, but would inevitably join their kinsmen in the North; and still a third objection is that if they should go South and stay there, they would be precisely what they are at the North.

is no Fenianism at the South, it is only because there are no Irish emigrants Professor Goldwin Smith's stronges point is made at the close of his article. He tells Mr. Gladstone's government that the rebellion of the knife has been beaten, but they have still to deal with the rebellion of the vote. This is true. The land agitation has been suppressed; the authority of the law has stored; crimes are punished by native juries; but a political reconciliation has not been effected. All the Irish constituencies and possibly thirty in England will unite in a political revolt against both English parties at the next general election. A rebellion of the vote, he terms it. It is in one respect the most formidable of all rebel-lions, for the right to vote cannot be taken away the rebels cannot be disarmed.

Advance Step in Dentistry. HAVANA, CUBA.—The most popular dentist of this city, Dr. D. Francisco Garcia, member of the Royal University, states that in all cases of trouble some neuralgia, arising from the teeth, his patrons are recommended to use St. Jacobs Oil, and the most satisfactory cures have followed. It is a specific for toothache, earache, bodily pains, and proof against household accidents.

In France 30 per cent. of the population cannot read or write.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is one of the few really valuable patent medicines which we always take pleasure in calling attention to. It is both for in ternal and external use and is worth more to a family than a whole medicine

Chemical analysis shows that the hu man brain is 80 per cent. water.

Impure blood is the cause of more misery than any other source of dis-ease, but this fact is often overlooked. Parsons' Purgative Pills will make new rich blood and will change the blood in the entire system in three months, taken one a night.

All but the most hardy apples in Iowa have been killed by the severe winter.

First Class Insurance. Insure with Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It is the cheapest and best method of insurance we know of. By its use you are sure to escape many grievous aches and pains. Policies are obtainable at all druggists in the form of bottles at 50 cents and \$1 each.

Sources of Profit. There are many sources of profit to those who are ingenious and enterprising. Burdock Blood Bitters are a source of profit in every way. They build up the health surely, speedily, and effectually, which is saying a great deal.

Ex-Governor Kirkwood, of Iowa, aged sixty-eight, has given up the use of tobacco. Beats the World.

That is what H. C. Hoberman, a druggist of Marion, Ohio, says: "Thomas' Eclectric Oil beats the world. Sold nine bottles yesterday and to-day. One man cured of sore throat of eight years' standing. It is splendid for rheumatism.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.—Dr. J. C. Riddler. says: "Persons who use Brown's Iron Bitters always speak well of it. It is a good medi-

Up in cultured and modest Boston they do not call the g-tr snake by its familiar name, but with a modest blush, whisper, "the limb encircler ophiduan." Telephone transmitters should be painted yeller."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM STRUP," for force restlessness, worms, constipation, tastele BOUGH ON RATS," Clears out rate, mice, Send address to the Mutual Manufacturing Co., No. 9 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and re-ceive by return mail a circular and a sample of the cheapest and best barbed wire ever made.

The ladybird insect destroys the aphis or

For tremulousness, wakefulness, dizziness, and lack of energy, a most valuable remedy is

Richmond, Va., now claims to have a population of 71,000.

COMMONWEALTH, Wis., July 20, 1882.

DR. PENORILLY:
Please send me one more bottle of your ZoaPhora. The one bottle I have used has done
wonders. I have been under doctors' care
more or less for five years. Have suffered
from inflammation, Ulceration and Prolapsus
Uteri, weakness and heavy head, in fact, felt
worn out, not able to sit up. I am feeling just
splendid now, and shall continue Zoa-Phora
until cured.

MRS. N. W. HAMAE. FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." be

A Fact Worth Remembering. A severe cold or cough can be soonest cured by taking, according to directions, Allen's Lung Balsam. It can be procured at any drug store. It is harmless to the most delicate person.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. \$1. FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other intermittent Fevers, the "Finine-Priostrom-ATEL BLEXIR OF CALISAVA," made by Caswell, Haz-ard & CO., New York, and sold by all Bruggista, is the toute, and for patients recovering from fever other stekness, it has no equal.

Three-fifths of the 2,200 convicts in the Texas penitentiary are negroes and Mexicans

Worth begets in base minds envy and that is why Carboline is not sold by some dealers. They know its worth, and so does every one who has used it. Try it and satisfy yourself; take no man's word.

Portland, Oregon, will be only five days from Chicago when the Northern Pacific is built. Important.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, red ced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse care, stages and elevated railroad pots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the sity.

The shades of night gather in dew time.

Free of Charge. An elegant song book free of charge containing humorous, and sentimental songs, sung by Wisard Oil Companies. In their open air concerts. Address Hamitas Wisard Oil Co., Chicago III.

WIEARD OIL cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains bruises, burns, senids, uicers, frover sores, inflam mation of the Kidneys, neuralgis, beschehe, tooth ache, earache, sore throat, catarrh, hay-fevor, airays inflammation and releves pain in any part of the system. Soid by druggists at 50 cents, don't forget to use it. And you will banish bain and be hanny

Unsolicited Evidence for the Merits of

Lung Balsam.

From Rev. G. R. Darrow, a Wellknown inister. J. N. HABRIS & C.

MESSIES. J. N. HARRIS At t.

GENTLEMEN:—My daugt: — who has been afflicted the past two years with attractoris receiving such decided teacent from taking you LUNG BALSAM—having taken but one bottle—that am prompted to express to you my gratification at the result. Her long-continued, dry cough, with it occasional wheeking, whistling sound, peculiar to the breathing, has disappeared, and my hope is tha continuing to use the LUNG BALSAM a while longe a permanent and radical cure will be effected. I can recommend its use to others.

Your Respectfully,

The Rev. G. R. DARROW is the managing editor of

The Rev. G. R.DARROW is the managing ed

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER Has Stood the Test for Forty Years, and is at the present time more popular than ever. AND WHY! Because the people have found it a SURE CURE for all their Aches and Pains.

IT IS A SOVEREIGN BALM. Acts with wenderful rapidity and never falls, when taken at the commencement of an attack

CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

As well as all summer complaints of a similar nature. Try it for Chills, Sudden Colds, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Sore Throat, Coughs, etc. etc., etc., and you will be cured. Used Externally, it cures Boils, Felons, Sprains, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Chapped Hands, Frost-Bitten Feet.

Scalds, Burns, Rheumatism, &c.

NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT. Sold everywhere. 25c., 50c. a d \$1.00

JOHES OF BINGHAMTON, er bottle.

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

son who will take I Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS. CROUP, ASTHMA BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively care hine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any per

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and Ex

T. BARNUM WIRE AND IRON WORKS.



E. T. Barnum Wire and Iron Works,

DAVID

CELEBRATED RESERVOIR VASES.

These Vases are especially adapted for Cemeteries and Parks, and are much less trouble than the ordinary wass that require water every day. The Reservoirs hold from one to five gallons, according to the size of the Vase, and the flowers will keep bright and fresh without any additional water, from ten to fifteen days. These Vases are for sale generally by Hardware dealers. Marble dealers and Seedsmen throughout the country. Do not be induced to get anything but a Reservoir Vase. We also manufacture r fall line of

Lown Furniture. Settees and Chairs, Both Iron and Wood.

Ask for the RESERVOIR Vasc.

DETROIT, Mich

PATTERSON

Coffee and coffee grounds are said to be ex-ellent fertilizers for plants. \$72 a week in your own town. Turns and \$5 outs. AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest selling Pistorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced is per cent. NAT. FURLISHING CO., Philadelphia. Fa. 55 to \$20 per day at home. Sample worth 46 free. OTTOMWA, IA.-Dr. J. N. Armstrong I have used Brown's Iron Bitters ally and recommend its use to other The free schools in Virginia are rapidly cloing for want of funds. YOUNG MEN If you want to learn telegraphy is a co., Pertiane, Marine YOUNG MEN If you want to learn telegraphy is unation, address. Valenties Bros., Janeaville, Wis. \$66a week fills day at home easily made. Cestly out the fire. Adress, True & Co., Augusta, Maine "Every epileptic sufferer ought to try Sama-riton Nervine at once," says Rev. J. T. Etter-of New Glarus, Wis. "Its a never failin

THE GREAT GERMAN

REMEDY

RHEUMATISM

Neuralgia,

Sciatica, Lumbago.

BACKACHE,

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE.

SORE THROAT.

QUINSY SWELLI GO

SPRAINS,

Screness, Cuts, Bruises,

FROSTRITES.

BURNS, SCALDS

And all other bodlly ache and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE

Sold by all Druggists an ealers. Directions in 1

The Charles A. Vogeter Co.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

isease, and prevents the night sweats and the tight

BALSAM will cure you, even though professions

IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY

 \mathbf{WOMEN}

YOUNG OR OLD.

MOTHERS Sickly DAUGHTERS

Soun BY ALL DEPOSITE.

Diseases of Women and Children

Sent gratic. Every woman above 15 years of age, especially Mothers, should read it. Address

GIF All letters marked private are read by Dr. Pengelly only.
GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TADE MARK THEGREATEN-TRAD', MAPI

REFORE TAKING, Back, Dimness of AFTER TAKING.

for Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we de sire to send free t, mail to every one. The Special Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package,o six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on the

six packages for S. of will dessing receipt of the money, by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Buffale, N. Y

JOSEPH GILLOTTS

STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

GOLD MEDAL PARIS - EXPOSITION-1878.

5-TON ONE

Yellow Wrapper; the only genuine. Guar-cure issued by Farrand, Williams & Co. Det

Iron Levers, Sheel Bearings, Bruss YARE SEAM, JONES, ME PAYS THE PRESENT. Soldentrial, Warrants 5 years, Allatres action.

R. PENGELLY & CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

EHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT.

HUSBANDS (OF (WIVES

For all Complaints peculiar

Patents St., Detroit, Mich. Attorney in Patent Causes. Established In Patent Causes. Established In Patent Causes.

PUSIONS HOUR ASSISTANCE CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. CONSUMPTION

The Sun INTERESTING

Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asth-ma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the ness across the chest which accompanies it. CON-SUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S

Pimples and wree Grubs Blotches, Boils, Inmors, Tet ter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sores, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weakness and Irregularities, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Juandice Affections of the Liver, Indi gestion, Biliousness, Dysper sia and General Debility.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop's, Buffalo, N.Y. J.I.CASE T.M.CO. RACINE, WIS



PORTABLE (8, 10, 12 and 16) TRACTION (8, 10, and 12) STRAW-BURNING (8, 10, 12, 16 Horse) And 8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 25 and 20 Horse

We make the most Practical Straw-Burning Engine in the World. The Popular Double Pinion 4-Wheel Woed-bury Horse-Pewer Reversible Bull Wheel. Runs cither way, Low or High Speed. The BEST Power made. Ours Exclusively.

SKID ENGINES!

By Do you live near Timber? If so, buy our "Et PORTABLE SAW MILL Take it to the timber. SAVE HAULING Loss to the Mill. 5,000 TO 10,000 FEET PER DAY. ALL MACHINERY WARRANTED. Write for Catalogue. Costs Nothing W. N. U.-D. 26.

> SOMETHING **EVERY LADY** OUGHT TO KNOW.

There exists a means of se curing a soft and brilliant Complexion, no matter how poor it may naturally be. Hagan's Magnolia Balm is a delicate and harmless arti-cle, which instantly removes Freckles, Tan, Redness, Roughness, Eruptions, Vul-gar Flushings, etc., etc. So delicate and natural are its effects that its use is not

suspected by anybody.

No lady has the right to present a disfigured face in society when the Magnolia Balm is sold by all druggists for 75 cents.